

# The People.

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**ASPINALL'S ENAMEL WORKS,**  
**PECKHAM, S.E.**

**110, STRAND.--No. 325**

## A STRANGE CASE.

**A STRANGE CASE.**  
At Reading on Friday, a post mortem examination was made on the body of a young woman whose death occurred under peculiar circumstances. She was in a situation in another town and last week her parents received a Christmas card from her, from which they inferred that she was quite well. A few days afterwards, however, a letter was received from her employers stating that she was dead and that the body, enclosed in a coffin, and her clothes, were being sent on Reading. On the arrival of the body and the clothes of the deceased, it was found that the latter did not contain her underclothing. The reason given was that it had been burnt. This circumstance was regarded by the friends of the deceased as suspicious, and they determined to have a post mortem examination made. The surgeon who made the examination on Friday gave it his opinion that the deceased died from natural causes.

George Somers Bellamy, described as a jurist, was residing in Alhwal road, Clapham Junction, when he was brought before Mr. Paquet, at Wandsworth Police Court on Thursday, charged with intermarriage with Fanny Hargreaves Muir and her sister, Alice Muir, his wife, Elizabeth Mercy Mosley, being alive. Mr. St. John Wontner, who was instructed by the first wife, appeared to prosecute; and Calkin Lewis represented the prisoner. Mr. Wontner said that the first marriage took place in October, 1874, at St. Joseph's Church in Holloway, and the second in September, 1879, at the registrar's office, at Pancras. It was alleged by the prisoner that the second wife was dead but her father had proved it. The third marriage was between the prisoner and her lady's sister, in September

1881, at St. John's Church, Lambeth. The prison

appeared to have lived with two of his wives at the same time for several months. The first wife lived with her husband until four years ago, when a misunderstanding arose, and they separated. She heard for the first time at Easter that the prisoner was living with Alice Muir, but she took no steps until Wednesday when she called the prisoner's home and saw the third wife. She called on a constable and gave the prisoner a chance to prove the marriage with her daughter. On cross-examination, she said she never heard of any previous marriage. Her daughter had a child, and the prisoner was aware of it.—Mr. J. Saunders Muir, a consulting actuary, residing in Victoria Grove, Fulham-road, proved the second marriage. He said he had no knowledge of the daughter's death. He last saw her before she went to New York with her husband. His wife was informed by the prisoner that she was dead, but he had never produced any certificate. A Muir had been home, as he understood, to become a companion to a lady.—Alice Muir, the third wife, said she was living with the prisoner. On Wednesday the prosecutor came to the house and wished him to make an arrangement, but he refused.—Sergeant George Smith took the prisoner into custody, when he asked him that he married the two sisters.—The prisoner made a statement to the magistrate, who then made a statement to the witnesses, after he had said the prosecutor admitted after he had married three months that she was previously married on a ship and had a child. Although he had a new man, he consented to live with her. He had committed bigamy it was in pure ignorance.—Mr. Pugh committed the prisoner for trial and allowed bail.

### A PAINFUL CASE.

A neatly-dressed person of quiet demeanour named Mary Anderson, 62 years of age, described as a lady of independent means, and living at Pavilion-road, Chelsea, was brought before the Partridge, on remand, at the Westminster Magistrate's Court on Friday, charged with stealing six loaves of bread from the premises of Messrs. J. & J. Gurney, 10, St. James's-street, on the 21st inst.

hand-bags and a number of other articles, valued at \$400.—The prisoner was ob-

by Detective Godley, of the 11 Division, walking along the King's road on the afternoon in question with two of the officers in his car. He said he was in her hand. He questioned her as to where she had been, and she stated that she bought the car from a man who had a shop in the City, but she did not know the name of the firm. Not believing her statement, and from what the officer had told her she would have to go to the

S. station with him. She showed no distrust of company him and when searched a

silver-handled umbrella was found fastened to her waist. At her apartment the revolvers, boxes and a number of articles, all of which were brand new, were found secreted under her bed. The articles, all of which were prayer-books, travelling bags, &c. The F. F. V.

asserted at first that she purchased the  
but subsequently admitted that she had

and  
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and  
him to  
, but  
to the  
received

g that purchased in the ordinary way, have the private mark of the firm.—I

bore the private mark of the firm, and took it to the magistrate, a young man from the department at Shoolbred's said it was custom to erase the private mark of the firm, an article was sold.—Emma Allen, female at the Rochester-road (Westminster) Police-station, deposed that she found several large calicoes containing various articles, fastened round a prisoner's waist under her skirt. There were three bundles of her dress, which she

RS' a large slit in the side of her dress, and admit of a good-sized article being placed

pocket. Witness found several prayers on her.—The Prisoner in a lady-like costume, and was not purposely made. Evidence of the pawning by the prisoner. Some of the articles having been given to Partridge inquired whether anything was of her antecedents.—Detective Godley

made inquiries, your worship, and from  
learn the accused has occupied the

of the Glasgow Bank some years ago upwards of £16,000. The prisoner also upon one occasion that her name was Gordon, and that she resided in Inverness, — Accused (who at this juncture said faint, and was allowed to be seated) :

voice said: I am guilty, your worship, and I am extremely sorry.

have done.—Mr. Partridge fully commended her conduct, and said he was glad to take her trial at the Middlesex Sessions. He said she had been very brave during the charges.—The prisoner, who evidently did not know what was going on, was then removed to the prison, where she remained in custody.

Friday night's *Gazette* announces th

Privy Council held on Thursday it was prorogue Parliament until the 9th of February, which day both Houses will be opened by a despatch of business.

volume. It is enlarged, and some ne

are introduced. Hitherto Myra has  
larity in the household from the prac  
of its information and the general ex  
its contents. Under the new régime  
ness is largely increased, for, in addi  
new articles relating to dress, fashion, u

the drawing-room, the kitchen, and the

it will contain a considerable amount of matter, including a gossiping chronicle of events, a series of articles on "Cuba Fashion," by Mr. G. A. Sala, the "Literary," and a quantity of other interesting things to make it a perfect household

...trying to make it a perfect ...

100

1890



TALES  
TOLD BY TWILIGHT.BY  
JOHN COLEMAN.AUTHOR OF "CURLY," "THE RIVAL QUEENS,"  
"MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL PHILIPS, CHARLES  
READS, ETC."

## DOCTOR JOSEPHINE.

CHAPTER X.  
THE SNOW STORM.

Giving one last look at the colonel, Jim turned to the boys.

"Who volunteers?" he asked.

The words had scarcely left his lips when fifty or sixty voices rang out in answer:

"Here! Here!"

"Thanks, boys. I want one, not fifty," he replied.

"I'm with you," said Donald McLeod, as he gave his horse the spur, and they cantered down the valley together.

The firing had ceased, and the last rays of the setting sun enabled them to find me easily enough.

"To all appearance I was past praying for," Jim dimly remembered, and lifting me from the ground placed me in Donald's arms.

As he himself was about to remount, crash! came the report of a shower of grape shot from the Russian battery, and down came Jim on his back, with his collar-bone broken, and his right leg smashed.

"The sound of the report his poor startled horse, who had smelt powder enough for one day, turned tail and bolted.

"I'm cooked," said Jim. "Make yourself scarce, Donald, while you have a whole skin. For God's sake I don't waste a thought on me, think only of Gerald and yourself."

"I can't leave you here, my lad, to the mercy of those murdering thieves," replied McLeod.

A couple of rifle bullets within an inch of either side of his head cut short the conversation, and honest Donald made tracks, calling out as he galloped towards our lines:

"Keep a stout heart, laddie, till the moon rises, and I'll not forget you."

Forget! Jim never forgot that night.

Many and many a time since he left Hill Town the poor lad had prayed for death, but now, now that the hour had come, now that death seemed imminent and inevitable, he grew to have some hope, one desire, to look once more upon the face of Josephine before he died.

Night was falling, and with it came cold, hunger, intolerable thirst, and racking pain.

Perhaps before the morrow he would be mutilated or barbarously done to death by some midnight marauder, some robber of the living or despoiler of the dead.

The snow began to fall in great feathery flakes. It fell ceaselessly, but gently, ever so gently.

What was to be the end of it? Perchance he might become a prey to the wolf or the vulture; perchance his whining bones would moulder to dust amongst his slaughtered comrades, without the rights of sepulture, in this valley of death.

Minutes began to lengthen into hours.

He lay on his back, in the position of a moment, his eyes fixed on the sky, and with the rapidity of lightning's flash, transports him to Drury Lane.

Next instant he is in the crowded, brilliant, life of the theatre, and his eyes are fixed on the face of the beautiful girl who is singing the popular melody of the period.

He can see her (she is dressed as Sinbad); never has he looked so lovely as now.

He! She is singing now, she finishes, and a great applause arises, which shakes the house from floor to dome.

And the glamour of the moment does the bestow one passing thought on the man who loves her so—the man who is dying alone amidst the snow in this far Crimean valley.

Then a mist arises around her and shuts her from his sight, while the sound of the music fades away, until he can hear nothing save the beating of his own sad heart.

"She will never know how I have loved her," he sighed.

Meanwhile the snow continued to fall, till it smothered him to unconsciousness.

At times like these he said:

"Life lulls itself to sleep, and sleep to death."

The night darkened, and a pall overspread the heavens. The snow fell thicker and thicker— heavier, and heavier.

It fell, till it covered him like a shroud—covered him until his form was undistinguishable, and his face was covered with a mask of snow.

How long he remained unconscious he never knew.

Under such influences, moments spread into years, minutes to ages, time itself into eternity.

He was a sentry, mounting guard at the North Pole.

His body was a frozen, inert mass, congealed to ice; but his mind was still alive and alert.

A huge Polar bear springs upon and overthrows him.

He feels its postiferous breath on his frozen face; it slavers, with its filthy saliva, the ring finger of his left hand; it crunches it to the bone.

With the intolerable torture he comes back to life.

By the pale light of the moon he distinguishes a hideous Calmuck Tartar gnawing away with his teeth at his finger, the one on which he wears a signet ring.

The short sharp ping of a revolver rings through the silence of the night, and the brute falls prone—a dead weight across his chest.

"That's a settler for you, my friend!" exclaims a well-known voice.

Another friendly voice responds:

"Faith, Donald, you've given that jentleman his gruel!"

The next moment Jim feels something passing down his throat, and filling him with liquid fire.

"Share, man alive, he's worth a dozen dead men!" continues Pierce.

"You're right, Punch," says Donald.

"Right? To be sure I am! Right as a fox on the floor of a barn-rot. How'd his head up, na bouchal, and let me give him another taste of the cruet?"

Again Jim feels the genial glow of the fire water; but his limbs still remain rigid and paralysed, his eyes fixed, and his tongue frozen.

He sees, he hears his friends; but his first thought is of her; he thinks that heaven has taken compassion on him, and saved him for her sake. He remembers that—that, and nothing else—until his eyes flash fire, and he falls back, void of sense and motion.

CHAPTER XI.  
SINBAD THE SAILOR.

The very night when Llewellyn ap Griffiths lay dead, when I thought I was death-stricken, and when poor Jim Green was lying under the snow shroud in the valley of death, Josephine Lovelace was watching all hearts at the great national theatre at Sinbad the Sailor.

She had never witnessed such a scene in her life as this glittering edifice, with its sea of faces, its many-mouthed, loud roaring multitude.

When "the opening," as it was called, was over, and she stood aside with the other characters to make room for the glories of the transformation of "The Peri at the Gates of Paradise," she caught sight of a well-known face in the manager's box—it was Morland.

Taking time by the forelock he had produced his own pantomime at Hill Town on Christmas Eve, and had run up to town to assist at Josephine's debut as Sinbad.

When the harlequinade commenced he came behind the scenes with his brother manager to congratulate her on her success.

She was so delighted to see him as he was to see her, and they met just as if those tender passages previously related had never happened.

He saw her horse and invited himself, sans ceremony, to breakfast on the morrow.

Despite her triumph, she did not sleep as well as she might have done.

Morland was up early (for him), and he appeared on her doorstep, armed with a bundle of papers, simultaneously with the milk.

She was waiting for him at the breakfast table; and having made him heartily welcome, proceeded to do the honours.

He noted that her face was very pale and her eyes were very red; but that was with the fatigues of the late rehearsal, of course, it was. While she dispensed the coffee he read aloud the flat of the *Thunderer*, which ran thus:

"Miss Josephine Lovelace is the central feature of the most magnificent spectacle we ever remember to have seen. Her youth, her beauty, her ease, her elegance, her many accomplishments," &c.

The other papers followed suit.

The applause of last night was still ringing in her ears, and ought, one would have thought, to have given additional zest to her appetite; but it didn't, for she merely trifled with a cup of tea and a morsel of toast.

All at once Morland exclaimed, "My God!"

"What's the matter?" she inquired anxiously, starting to her feet.

"Matter, indeed! Look here!" and he handed her the *Times*, with the summary of the war correspondence.

Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death." Side by side with the account of the pantomime was a graphic account of our disastrous advance. While she dispensed the coffee he read aloud the flat of the *Thunderer*, which ran thus:

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thought, for conquest. The faithful slave expected much upon Fred and his whiskers, and was rather perplexed to find that they did not create the impression she had anticipated.

When Morland returned a couple of hours later Josephine was downstairs, and a nice little dinner had been improvised, to which she did ample justice.

Polly, as she buzzed in and out, communicated to her "mar."

"That, what with his whiskers and her 'air, she'd never seen anything so lovely as the pair on 'em."

Next day, when Dr. Inglesant called, he found that his far but fractious patient, had gone away early in the morning, taking with her her dressing-case, her wraps, some furs, and a basket of linen and handkerchiefs.

She had left a note, however, enclosing his fee, and thanking him for his care and kindness.

Morland had also disappeared in the same mysterious manner, so no information could be obtained from that quarter.

As for Mrs. Molloy and Polly, it was in vain that the doctor sought to pump them, their lips were hermetically sealed.

The fact was, Morland had not only kissed them both (the must have been a patriot to have passed that fiery ordeal with the maternal Molloy!) but he had taken the precaution to leave some golden lip salve behind him.

When the renowned impresario who swayed the destinies of the great national theatre received a note explaining that a matter of life and death necessitated Miss Lovelace's withdrawal, it is to be feared that he did not receive the news of the departure of Sinbad the Sailor with equanimity. What manager would?

After all, her absence, which was a nine days' wonder, was another girl's opportunity. In a few nights the new star was eclipsed, and, indeed, forgotten as though she had never been.

CHAPTER XII.  
SAINT PHILOMELA.

At Llewellyn's death I was left colonel—that is, nominally so—for I was horsed combat, and had but a narrow squeak for my life. As for Pierce, while he was extracting a bullet from the region of my collar-bone he got one in his own shin, which brought him to earth. So he had to accompany me to Scutari, where, fortunately, we both soon began to rally.

In another ward of the hospital was Jim Green, more dead than alive.

For a fortnight or more our poor friend lay beneath the shadow of the angel of death, tenderly nursed by one of those noble creatures with whose sacred calling the name of Florence Nightingale will be associated so long as the world endures.

When the doctor saw that the end was approaching, he said:

"My poor lad, you are a brave fellow, and don't fear to die."

"My poor lad," said Jim; "but is it so near as that?"

The doctor took his hand, pressed it gently, and left the room.

Jim lay silent for a little while; then, turning to his kind nurse, he said:

"Will you please write a line for me?"

The lady softly and noiselessly brought pen, ink, and paper to his bedside, and wrote thus at his dictation:

"Hospital, Scutari, January 24th, 185—

"My dear father and sister,—Before this reaches you I shall be dead.

I hope you will forgive me any trouble I have ever caused you. I always loved you both, and I love you now more than ever. And please, father, I know you never cared for money except for your children's sake; so, remember, I bequeath to your care a young lady whom I hoped one day to have made my wife and your daughter. But that is all over now.

Josephine Lovelace is an actress at Drury Lane Theatre. I think her the most beautiful creature on earth, and I know that she is one of the best. Please take care of her for my sake."

After a moment's pause he continued:

"I'll write my name. I think they will be glad to see it."

With difficulty he traced the three letters, "Jim."

With the effort he fell back exhausted.

After a time he inquired:

"To whom shall I address the letter?"

"To James Green, Esq., Prestwich Park, near Manchester."

"It is done."

"I fear you find me very troublesome."

"Not at all."

"You are too good. May I trespass upon you to write half a dozen lines more?"

"Certainly. How shall I begin?"

"My dear Josephine,—I think I could die happy if I could see your face, if I could hear your voice again; and yet I can see and hear both now—shall see and hear then to the last."

"When the hour and the man comes, God knows I hope you will be happy, and if ever He blesses your home with children please call one of them after me."

"Good-bye, God bless you, dear. You won't quite forget me, will you?"

With the lady's help he rose, and with difficulty wrote his name. Then he closed his eyes, as if sleeping.

After a little while he said:

"Would you mind cutting off a lock of my hair and putting it inside the letter?"

She cut a sunny curl from his forehead.

"Thank you; now give me the pen, and I'll try to direct it. It-it's no use, I can't. Please address it to Miss Josephine Lovelace, Theatre Royal Drury Lane, London."

You'll send the letters when—it is all over?"

She bowed her head in silence, and wept.

"Don't cry for me, dear lady," he gasped. "I shall be better soon. Please turn me to the wall. I'm so tired, and I want to sleep."

When his calm, regular breathing assured the lady that he slept, another nurse, who, but an hour before, had arrived from England.

The newcomer, who was tall and finely proportioned, was clad in a closely-fitting gown of grey serge. A kerchief of cambric or muslin extended from her throat to her waist. Her hair was entirely hidden beneath a large plain white cap, or coil, like that of a Sister of Mercy. Her face was deadly pale, except for two red spots beneath the haggard dark eyes, which gleamed like coals of fire; indeed, the woman seemed herself a flame.

With eager eyes and anxious heart she watched and waited through the livelong night.

At times the silence appeared to terrify her. Then she would start up, and, leaning over her patient, listen till the slow but regular pulsation of his heart assured her that he still lived.

At last day broke, and as she plucked aside the curtains and looked forth, the sun rose glorious over the distant hills, and flooded the room with light and life.

As she turned towards the bed he murmured in his sleep:

"Josephine, my darling, you will never know how I loved you. 'Tis that, only that, which makes it hard to die."

At the sound of his voice, with a cry of joy and a quick, impulsive movement, she sprang towards him.

With the "waif and wind" of the motion the coil fell from her head, while down about her shoulders fell her rich raven tresses in great shining masses. Then she kissed him again, and yet again, till the impact of those living lips smothered him.

For a moment he was dazed, and thought that he was still dreaming; but when he saw those true and tender eyes, when he felt those dear arms around his neck, love was stronger than death, and at a bound he leaped back to life.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A DOUBLE WEDDING.

The *Times*, which brought the news of Jim's supposed death and his disablement to London, took it also to Prestwich, hence it fell out that Josephine and Morland were not the only persons who made their way to Scutari on Jim's account.

Perhaps I should not be altogether wide of the mark were I to say that although her brother doubtless occupied the first place in her heart, Alice was not altogether oblivious of my existence.

However that may be, upon the arrival of Mr. and Miss Green, some week or so after the events described in the previous chapter, in searching for Jim they stumbled over me.

The very first day we were able to get out, Pierce and I were resting under a huge fig tree in the garden attached to the hospital.

While we were speculating as to what had become of Jim, a young lady and an elderly gentleman approached us.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen," said the lady, "but can you tell me—"

"Alice!" I exclaimed.

The next moment she was in my arms—on my heart.

The old cotton merchant grasped us eagerly by the hands and overwhelmed us with inquiries about Jim.

Being unable to give him the slightest information ourselves, Pierce made bold to overhaul the medical superintendent, an austere-looking old gentleman, who happened to be passing by.

He told us that Jim was now in a fair way of recovery, and offered to conduct us to the ward in which he was located.

He advised us, however, to break the news of the arrival of Alice and her father gently.

When we entered the room, to our amazement and delight, we found Master Jim seated up in bed, imbibing some beef tea, or jelly, or some nutriment of that kind.

"Jim, how are you, old fellow?" I asked.

"First rate, old man; and you?"

"Oh! fizzing."

The next moment Morland and La Belle Lovelace, more lovely than ever, came forward with outstretched hands and glowing cheeks to welcome us.

"Well, this is a sight for sore eyes," exclaimed Punch. "And so you are not dead then, Jim, after all?"

"Not yet," replied Jim, "and what is more, I don't mean to die for the next half century, do I, sweetheart?" he said, turning to Josephine.

"More power to ye, my boy," replied Punch. "Niver say die! A man's never dead till he's killed, and, may be, not then, especially if he comes from Limerick or Lancashire."

"Jim," said I, "I've an agreeable surprise for you: are you equal to it?"

"I think I'm equal to anything now."

"Well, then, there's some one wants to see you."

"To see me? Not—not dad, Gerald?"

"Yes, dad; and somebody else besides."

"Not—not Alice?"

"Yes, Alice."

I thought he would have jumped out of bed when his father and sister came into the room.

Pierce, Morland, and I left them weeping delicious tears upon each other's necks.

When we returned half an hour later old Green had still got his arms round Jim, while Alice and Josephine were cooing and crying, and croodling, and hugging one another as if they were already sisters.

"Ah! Miss Lovelace," said Pierce, "it's yourself the doctor to cure this rascallion. You needn't blush, my dear; sure, it's the beautiful bride in the 'Honeymoon' you'll be, with God's blessing, one of these fine days; and Miss Alice, here, and Gerald will be turned off at the same time to keep you in countenance, won't they, Mister Green? And it's Morland and myself will be after playing the best man when that little performance comes off, won't we, Fred?"

Pierce was a true prophet.

"Doctor Josephine" did effect a cure, and barely six months afterwards we went forth on our honeymoon, the handsomest pair of brides and the happiest pair of bridegrooms in all the wide world.

"A delightful story, colonel," said Lady Gwen. "And so you married your sweet Alice?"

"Yes, madam; and as Mr. Weller, senior, sagaciously observed with reference to Samuel, that young lady there is the consequence."

"And Mrs. Fitzgerald?" asks Lady Mervyn.

"Last house looking after the little Fitzgeralds."

"And Doctor Josephine?" inquires Mrs. Celarius.

"Is superintending the arrangements for the marriage of her eldest son, and playing Lady Bonifant at Prestwich Park."

"Well," says George Celarius, "here's a health to the sweet Alice, the peerless Josephine, and all good lasses. Let the bumper toast go round."

We drink the toast and sing the song, and "shut up in measureless content." Yes, everybody but me; but I will have it out to-morrow.

"HA, HA! THE WOOLING O'T."

In the morning, when we row over to Stornoway, Celarius finds a bundle of letters and telegrams awaiting him from the *Deliverer*; Brabazon finds a peremptory mandate from the *Ligatherum* to attend the wedding of the season; Jimmy Lorrimer has a somewhat similar summons, announcing the commencement of his engagement at the Frivolity; Vowles is ordered to attend the American Legation touching that appointment at Japan he has set his heart upon; Mervyn has a message from the minister to come home at once, the governor being ill and out of sorts; while the colonel has another from Captain Green, intimating that the marriage of his son and heir is to take place in ten days' time.

So then our brief holiday is over, and woe's me. My lotus-eating days are over.

If the calm would only last week longer; but just to spite me, as if it had been waiting for the purpose, it breaks like magic.

</







(To be continued.)

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the largest in the world. Acres of show-rooms, for  
play of first-class furniture ready for immediate  
Novelties every day from all parts of the globe. No  
ought to furnish, before viewing this collection of the  
requisites, it being one of the sights in London. Have  
merchants an unusual advantage is offered. Have  
space, all goods are packed on the premises, by express.



## CLIPPINGS FROM THE COMICS.

(From Punch.)  
**SWIVELLERIANISM.**—From the police reports we have discovered that there is a society called "The Social Trumps." What a Swivellerian title! The dispute which made these trumpets police court cards turned on a question of money, and the magistrate, Mr. Lushington (could there have been a more significantly appropriate name for a justice having to decide a Swivellerian case?) recommended the Social Trumps to settle their little difficulty amicably among themselves. We hope the Trumps went and had a jolly blow-out together, enlivened with songs about "The Rose" and "Glorious Apollo," and sentiments to the effect that none of them "might ever want a friend or a bottle to give him." The Social Trumps must be enjoying their Christmas festivities. Their Christmas, of course, is the King of Trumps.

**THE PENNY READING.**—(Annals of a quiet neighbourhood.)—Distinguished Amateur Vocalist (both serious and comic): I can't say you have a very appreciative public up here. I never sang "Vikings and his Dinah" better, but nobody laughed a bit!—Horrid Boy: But they did when you sang "The Death of Nelson." I saw them.

**SOMETHING TO SWALLOW.**—Tom Toper says, "Shakespeare's plays were written partly by Shakespeare and partly by Bacon. It was a split B. and B."

(From Fun.)  
**AN UNFORESEEN EDUCATIONAL DIFFICULTY.**—Aunt Rose: And—was there plenty of dancing?—Niece Ethel (rising eleven): Oh, yes! But I have given up dancing at parties.—Aunt Rose: Ah! since when has that been?—Niece Ethel (distressed): Oh!—ever since I found how stupid it was dancing with partners who—who—had not been taught by the same master as one's self.

**A SETTLES.**—Customer: Here! Hi! Waiter! Here's a button in this soup.—Waiter (with withering contempt): Well, you don't expect to find a new suit of clothes in a threepenny plate, do you?

**RUSSIA LEATHERING.**—The naughty students of Moscow have been going it. However, in endeavouring to attack the dull round of academical routine by attacking the Government inspector, hissing the rector of the university, and other playful eccentricities, they reckoned without their host, for the Cossacks were called out, and they got (knout) for their pains. This drastic method of sending round the Government whip in Russia undoubtedly causes a good deal of soreness in certain quarters.

**"GRUGGINS!"** groaned that good citizen's wife, "Gruggins! Do you know that you have got into bed with your boots on?" "Never mind, my dear, don't matter a bit, they ain't my Sunday shoes. You can exchange 'em to-morrow with some Hebrews, for a couple of blue vases. Only mind the size! It's 'Cos its such a nice colour, isn't it?" (Hic.) (Family consultation next day.)

(From Funny Folks.)  
**THE CHRISTMAS KISS.**  
 A kiss is a curious thing just now. For, as each lover knows, It's sometimes under the mistletoe bough, But always "under the rose!"

**THE REPORT PRACTICAL.**—He had lifted her for another, and when they met again, "twas on the gleamy surface of a nicely-frozen-pond. Quoth she, wishing to say something spiteful: "Don't you think you'll cut a very pretty figure on the ice, Mr. Phibbs?" But he had been practising "fancy" skating in the interval of their acquaintance, so he answered blithely: "Well, if you'll 's' a very pretty figure, I suppose I shall." And in another moment he had glided off on a collected keel, and was watching the world with noble statesmanship. She didn't try any more sarcasm that afternoon.

**The largest baby in arms.**—The Woolwich infant. "Want some refreshment?" said the Innocent to the Guesser, as they met in a favourite "tap" the other day. "Well, here's a refreshment buffet for you," and he smote the Guesser a "thumper" on the back. "Yes," said the G., as he let the aggressor have a hearty knock in the ribs, "and here's a 'rum punch' for you!"

(From Moonshine.)  
 Four tradesmen, of Nottingham, were fined last week for adulterating their tobacco with water "considerably in excess of 35 per cent." One is not told, unfortunately, how much "considerably in excess" may please to mean. But if it means even 5 per cent. more than 35 per cent., it is time to think of turning off the pipe and smoking the cigarette.

The report presented to the National League last week was stated to be the most satisfactory one, financially, since the passing of the Criminals Act. We congratulate the league. Its finances are likely to improve still further if the Government go on undertaking the responsibility of that important item of expenditure—the board and lodging of the patriots.

Like Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Alderman Hooper has gone to bed rather than wear a prison suit. We never could follow out the heroics of the Parnellite martyrs to anything like logical coherence. What on earth is the difference, when you think of it, between wearing a gaol suit and dressing one's self up in a prison bedstead?

**SCENE: Sunday School (a fact).**—Lady Philanthropist and Teacher: Now, can any of you children tell me what a martyr is?—(A very long pause.)—Teacher (at length): Yes, please teacher; those little red things.—Teacher (Pupil unable to contain indignation): Oh! you stupid thing! Those are not martyrs! They're toe-martyrs!—(Pale brandy and water instantly brought in for Lady Philanthropist and Teacher.)

**MORE INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.**—Irish Labourer (to wife of his bosom, who humbly begs for a portion of his earnings): What, give ye my money? Bee aff wid ye! Ye're not related to me at all except by marriage.

**GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.**—Not to read any paper containing speeches by the O.M.M. Not to think any more about the Baconian controversy. Not to attempt to discover the point of Mr. Conybeare's arguments. Not to believe in O'Brien's heart disease. Not to take Wilfrid Blunt for granted. Not to doubt for a moment the triumph of Conservatism over anarchy, ignorance, and bluster. Not to believe every victim of a street riot has been "murdered by the police." Not to suppose that foreigners who flock to our shores do so from pure love of John Bull and his customs. Not to open our purses to all who say they are "unemployed."

(From Judy.)  
**"WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."**  
 You wish me 'A Happy New Year' as a toast, And a very kind one it appears; But when you perceive I'm as deaf as a post, You should wish me two happy new ears.

**GOOD GRACIOUS!**—There was once an old lady who kissed a cow; at Christmas time, however, there are lots of young ladies who kiss calves. If you ate too much, roses on Christmas Day, the best thing to do was to take a quack pill.

**SEASONABLE RIDDLE.**—Of course you are always very fond of your wife and the olive branches, but when do you regard them as particularly dear creatures?—Well, you know, when the Christmas bells come in.

**DESSERT TIME.**—Host (to guest): You are taking nothing, Mr. Wagley. Won't you venture on an orange?—Wagley (with gravity): Shouldn't much like to, but am afraid I should—ahem!—tumble off.

**SOME "FESTIVE" SENTIMENTS.**—Sweet, truly sweet, is the rum punch of merry Christmasday. Yes, verily, very sweet (if enough sugar has been put in). Rum thing, though, about rum punch is this:—That when one exceeds, say, one's half-dozen-thumbler, one should then be like unto that tumbler, inasmuch as one then becometh a tumbler one's self—on the floor.

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

(From St. Stephen's Review.)  
 [Mr. Gladstone celebrated his 75th birthday on Thursday.]

**A BIRTHDAY GREETING.**  
 The sands of Time are running down apace. Soon, soon must end your record of disgrace! The mob's applause, the plaudits of the throng Whose one ambition is to compass wrong; Will these avail to stay the hand of doom, Or prove your comfort in your solemn gloom? Hark! To your soul a warning cry is sent, 'Old man, remember Gordon, and repent!'

No man goes more out of his way to show petty spite than does Mr. Gladstone. He goes to Dover, being in Dover and wishing to proceed to the continent, he would naturally cross in one of the Chatham and Dover packets from the Admiralty Pier. But then Mr. Gladstone is not as other men are. So he goes on to Folkestone and crosses to Boulogne. Why? Upon my soul, for no reason that I can think of—except this, that the Chatham and Dover Railway and the town of Dover itself are represented in the Imperial Parliament by my excellent friend, Major Dickson, a staunch and persistent Conservative, whereas the South-Eastern, by which he travelled, is the Southern Railway, a very estimable gentleman, who, having "sat on the rail" for a considerable period, came down on Mr. Gladstone's side during the recess, and carried the political pilgrim off to the land of cakes, where he induced him to open a bridge and make a speech.

The other day, while at a reception at Cannes, the Empress of Brazil set an example which might well be followed by many English ladies. The empress had in her hand a handsome tortoiseshell fan, and she was asked whether she admired tortoiseshell more than she did the lovely feathers to be obtained from the birds of Brazil. "No," said the empress, smiling, "I, too, like the feathers of our magnificent birds, but I like them on their bodies. I should never dream of decorating any ornament of mine with the plumage of my dear birds."

(From the World.)  
 An absurd story was started by an imaginative weekly paper that the Queen desired to give the preposterous name of "Jubilee" to Princess Beatrice's infant daughter. It is now asserted that the name of Julia was the result of a compromise, as Princess Beatrice objected to the child being called Jubilee. I fail to recognise the affinity between the two names, but, as a matter of fact, the name of Julia is taken from the mother of Prince Henry, the Princess of Battenberg, who was the only daughter of Maurice Count Hauke, a Saxon adventurer, who rose to be War Minister in Poland during the brief reign of the Grand Duke Constantine. Mdlle. Hauke, having lost her father in the revolution of 1830, was brought up at St. Petersburg at the expense of the Czar Nicholas; and there was a tremendous row when it was discovered that Prince Alexander of Hesse, the brother of the young wife of the Czar, had married a Russian girl, who had come to Russia to push her fortunes, and was actually betrothed to the Czar's protégé, who was only saved from a lifelong incarceration in a convent by a hasty flight to Germany.

The Empress of Russia has been presented with a sewing-machine of solid silver, studded with sapphires, and enclosed in a case made in the form of an Imperial crown. The fittings are of gold. It is the gift of a society for promoting the use of Russian materials which her Majesty has recently brought into fashion.

Most important witness for the Crown at the Coolgreany trial at the last Wicklow Assizes thus delivered himself to a counsel who had been cross-examining him:—"You've been badgering me for a full hour, sorr; but a clever man nor you was at me for two hours, and you couldn't get the truth out of me, and what chance has the likes of you?" "Good God, man!" quoth the judge, "do you know that you are on your oath?"

A profound sensation has been created at Berlin by the sudden resignation of Count Perponcher, the Court marshal, who is one of the Emperor's oldest and most trusted friends. When the Czar visited Berlin it was decided in solemn conclave that the banquet which was to be given in his honour at the Imperial palace should not be an official function, but merely a *famille* dinner, and the guests were placed by Count Perponcher in exact accordance with the rigid order of precedence which was drawn out by Frederick the Great, and by which Court functions at Berlin are still regulated. Count Perponcher's arrangements placed Prince Bismarck very low at the table, and the seat opposite the Czar was occupied by Count Stolberg Wernigerode, the Grand Chamberlain. Prince Bismarck was exceedingly wrath, and, by the Emperor's orders, Count Perponcher undertook a journey all the way to Friedrichshagen, in order to give an explanation, and to offer a suitable (i.e., most respectful) apology; but the Chancellor refused to receive him, and has insisted on his resignation. Count Perponcher has always been a prominent member of the Court party who are opposed to the Chancellor's policy, and who detest him personally; but he relied on the Emperor's friendship, only to find himself as entirely mistaken as was Lord Thurlow when he thought that George III. would refuse to dismiss him at the instance of Mr. Pitt.

(From Truth.)  
 The Duke of Sparta, eldest son of the King and Queen of the Greeks, who has been studying at Leipzig, is to come to England about the end of May, with the ultimate object of being betrothed to one of the younger daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Duke of Sparta was born in July, 1868. This is one of the results of the great family gathering at Fredensborg.

Princess Waldemar, of Denmark, the eldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres, has been seriously compromised by Prince Bismarck's discovery that the Czar has been imposed upon by forged despatches. It seems that these documents were handed to his Majesty at Fredensborg by the Princess Waldemar, who was very fond of discussing political questions with him. Whether the princess regarded the papers as authentic, or whether she was concerned in the conspiracy, I do not know, but the result has been disastrous in every way to the Orleans family, in whose interest the plot was carried on; and, surely, such tactics, where Prince Bismarck is the opponent, are anything but prudent, apart altogether from the Royal aspect of the transaction.

There was a strange scene a few days ago at a sale in Edinburgh. An old and ordinary copy of the Bible was put up, and the bidding went on between two ladies until the incredible price of £160 was reached, when the hammer fell amidst loud cheering. It transpired that the Bible (the intrinsic value of which was perhaps half-a-crown) had belonged to a deceased relative of the ladies, each of whom was determined to obtain it, and they could afford to indulge the fancy their relative's estate benefited greatly by their obstinacy.

The marriage of Miss Tate, daughter of the late Prime Minister, with the Rev. John Ellison, son of Canon Ellison, is to take place early in February in the private chapel of Lambeth Palace, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Windsor (brother-in-law of the bride), and Canon Ellison are to officiate.

Sir Robert S. Ball, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, has commenced a course of six lectures to juvenile auditors at the Royal Institution.

**PAPER PATTERN GIVEN AWAY.**—Mrs. LEACH'S CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG LADIES' DRESSMAKER contains some of the most useful costumes and mantles, with practical lessons in cutting and making up in the most economical and fashionable style. A Paper Pattern of Girl's Pinfold is also given away. It is, in thousands of ladies' hands, and the most practical book for mothers, and may be had for One Penny, of all news-vendors, or by post two stamps.

**THREE HUNDRED PAIRS OF GLOVES GIVEN AWAY.**—Mrs. LEACH'S FAMILY DRESSMAKER for JANUARY. In addition to its usual invaluable contents, contains Practical Lessons in Dressmaking, with illustrations of Winter Gowns, Jackets, Costumes, Mantles, &c., combining elegance with economy. Useful Fancy Work, Cookery, and a voluminous amount of instructive Reading.

Price 2d. monthly; post free, 4d.

**A COLOURED PLATE OF WINTER COSTUMES AND MANTLES GIVEN AWAY WITH THE JANUARY Number of WELDON'S.**

## THE GARDEN.

(WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE PEOPLE.")

**Shrubs for Massing.**  
 Where things of a more permanent character are required for grouping on the lawn than the usual run of bedding plants supply—and the leaders of public taste seem to be moving in this direction—there are plenty of shrubs very suitable for the purpose. Take, for instance, the rhododendron, where the beds are properly prepared before planting, they form effective groups on the lawn, and if a few lilies are dotted about among them, a summer display of no mean order is provided.

**Groups of Barberries.**  
 Not too formally outlined, are exceedingly effective on grass. Perhaps *B. stenophylla* and *B. aquifolia* are the most suitable for this purpose. Among deciduous shrubs there is much variety. The spiraea, including *S. arifolia*, *S. Reevesii*, &c., are well adapted for forming groups on the lawn. The Venetian samach is one of the most effective things on grass as a single specimen when allowed to spread out. I do not say all the flowers should be sacrificed, but I do think if some of the beds on a home or wherever I go were planted with flowering shrubs, not only would it be more economical, but the change would be pleasant and do away with that feeling of over-decoration some of us have. Round the edges of the groups of shrubs might be planted patches of snowdrops, daffodils, and other bulbs, where, sheltered by the overhanging growth, they would be at home in the bleak winds of early spring. The drooping growth of

**The Weeping Ash**  
 and other weeping trees might be more utilised than it is at present. Stiff, formal outlines are well enough at times, but in our gardens, especially in those of moderate extent, we want more freedom of growth, more grace and beauty of outline, and this the pendulous growth of the weeping varieties of the ash, elm, birch, beech, willow, &c., will give. Prepare the beds for the evergreen now, but do not plant till April. All deciduous trees and shrubs should be got in as soon as possible. Obtain the plants from nurseries where they are frequently transplanted, as plants with long naked roots, which have been standing several years without a shift, are difficult to establish, and are dear at almost any price. I do not recommend large plants to be obtained, as they are proportionately expensive, and there is more risk in their removal.

## Constructing a Vinery.

Hundreds of small vineries are being built, not only in the suburbs of large cities and towns, but the ambition to possess a glass house has penetrated the quiet country districts. Amateurs possessing a little knowledge of the use of carpenter's tools may build a vinery or greenhouse during their periods of leisure. When this is done the cost will be a mere trifle, as wood and glass are cheap. The room can be purchased at the saw mill cut, and, in some instances, planned ready for putting together. The glass can be bought cut into squares of a suitable size. I don't like the use of putty; it is always cracking and peeling off. I should recommend the glass to be bedded in putty, but none to be used over the squares, using small brads instead to keep the glass in position, and two coats of paint to be applied down the edges to fill in any cracks between the glass and the wood. As regards the elevation of the house, if the structure is water-tight and lets in plenty of light, it matters but little what kind of a building it is. I have seen good grapes grown in warty cases, and although for early forcing a good aspect and a roof favourable for catching the sunbeams is necessary, for other seasons I should not quarrel about the kind of building I had if it could stand in the sunshine. What is termed by carpenters one half hatch is a good inclination for the roof of a vinery, which literally means that a lean-to vinery with a 15ft. rather would have 7ft. 6in. fall. The best time to plant the vines is just as the buds are swelling in spring, and the roots should be uncoiled and spread out straight in the border. It is a curious and peculiar peculiarity to the grape vine that no root growth is made till the foliage begins to expand. Other trees as soon as they are moved to a new position begin to make new roots almost immediately, but the grape vines wait till some impulse comes to the new leaves. Most people make a border of rich soil to plant the grape vines in, and, as a rule, vines pay for liberal treatment, but no hard or fast line should be laid down as to what is necessary or advisable to do. I know a very successful market grower, who, when he builds a vinery, constructs a house and tranches up the land on which the house has been built, and plants his vines, but the soil there is very good and suitable, and the same success might not follow the same treatment elsewhere. In the future culture of grapes more will, I am persuaded, be done with artificial manures, and then very extensive borders will not be necessary. If the soil is open and free, the vine will use up profitably a good deal of nutriment given in a form that will not clog up the pores of the soil. Where it can be obtained, the top spit from a sheep pasture or a grassy commons is an excellent fertilizer. It is a curious and peculiar peculiarity to the grape vine that no root growth is made till the foliage begins to expand. Other trees as soon as they are moved to a new position begin to make new roots almost immediately, but the grape vines wait till some impulse comes to the new leaves. Most people make a border of rich soil to plant the grape vines in, and, as a rule, vines pay for liberal treatment, but no hard or fast line should be laid down as to what is necessary or advisable to do. I know a very successful market grower, who, when he builds a vinery, constructs a house and tranches up the land on which the house has been built, and plants his vines, but the soil there is very good and suitable, and the same success might not follow the same treatment elsewhere. 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inquiry at the East India Arms. Poplar, relative to the death of Elizabeth Jane Johnson, aged 6 years, whose parents live at 17, Charles-street, Poplar. The mother stated that she was on Monday the child complained of headache, but she said the child better the next day and said the pain had gone. On Thursday evening she was taken very ill and was taken to a doctor's. She did not call and died next morning. Mr. H. J. O'Brien, Esq., India-road, Poplar, said the deceased was brought to his surgery on Thursday evening, and at the time the child was dying. In his opinion death was the result of apoplexy from croup. The jury returned a verdict accordingly.



**EGYPTIAN HALL**  
**ENGLAND HOME OF**

**Kings and Manager, Mr. J. N. MACKENZIE.**

The most wonderful, original, and amusing Entertainment in the world. DAILY, at 8 o'clock, & Panteles, at 9. Reserved Seats, 1s., 2s., 3s., & 5s.; Children, Half-price (5s. excepted).

**EGYPTIAN HALL.—Tremendous Success of the NEW HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.—**"The Morning Post," December 26th, says:—"Mr. Mackenzie no longer displays original genius, but he has the gift of his anticlimax genius. But two new 'Magical Sketches' are introduced, which afford the greatest amusement... For it has been anticipated by the management that Egyptian Hall cannot hold both sides, it is a valuable conductor in 'England's House of Mystery'; the audience, while laughing freely at the grotesque appearance, dialogue, and actions of the performers, are suddenly surprised with some ingenious illusion which calls forth their heartiest applause."

**Egyptian Hall. New Holiday Programme.—**"The Sportsman," December 26th, says:—"To say that for the Christmas holidays Messrs. Mackenzie and Cooke, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, have surpassed themselves in which they have hitherto been so successful in combining all the distinctive in the English dictionary. The programme is not only delightfully varied, but simply the acme of perfection... This is a matter about which I am inclined to believe, and holding both sides, it is a valuable conductor in 'England's House of Mystery'; the audience, while laughing freely at the grotesque appearance, dialogue, and actions of the performers, are suddenly surprised with some ingenious illusion which calls forth their heartiest applause."

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**PICCADILLY HALL.**

**HERR LUDWIG AMANN,** Impresario and Mimic (with Bill). Herr Marquette, Imitator of Birds and Animals, under the Twenty Performing Comedians. Barnard's Fantomus Major Nolan's Quartette.—Afternoons at 2.0. Evenings at 8.0 o'clock. Admission, stalls 2s., back seats 1s. children half price.

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.**

LATEST ADDITION.—Grand Group, representing the Pope Leo XIII giving an Audience at the Vatican, surrounded by Cardinals, Monarchs. Extra Boom, 6d. Open from 10.0 till 10.0.

**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
IS NOT A dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.  
Should be used every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.  
Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser for  
**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**  
Price 2s. 6d. per large bottle.

**FLORILINE**

**FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH**

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.  
Removes the decay of the TEETH.  
Keeps the breath as FRESHLY WHITE.  
Prevents all traces of Tobacco smoke.  
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.  
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.  
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World.  
2s. 6d. per bottle.

**FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER,** only put in glass jars.  
Price 1s.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.**

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething; reduces inflammation, allays all pain, and is SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.  
Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.  
Of all Chemists, Is. 1½d. per bottle.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza.  
Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat,  
Relieve the Hoacking Cough in Consumption,  
Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh.  
Clear and give strength to the Voice of SINGERS,  
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.  
Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, Is. 1½d. per Box.

**TEA, REAL TEA,**

MADE from choice Indian, Ceylon, or China leaves, refulgent with rich bouquet and spring freshness! The best grown and sent from these countries COOPER COOPER and CO. sell at 2s. a pound.

**COOPER COOPER and CO.** also sell choice teas at 2s., 6d. and 2s., a pound, and these teas are economically cheaper than any Tea sold at lower prices. They are cheaper because they have got more in them, more real Tea extract from a given quantity than can be got out of lower priced Teas.

**IN** the Indian gold mines we hear that certain ones give so many ounces of pure gold to the ton—some, two or three ounces; some, especially rich, eight to ten ounces to the ton, but no one would wonder that the richer ores are dearer because they would fetch twice the price per ton for it is the gold that is of value, the refuse is valueless. So, too, with Tea. One pound of the fine Tea sold by COOPER COOPER and CO. will yield more real Tea extract than twice the quantity of inferior Tea; and not only twice the quantity but twice the quality—refined gold, not mixed metal.

**TRY it for yourself!** Become your own analyst; put it into the crucible—viz., the teapot—and you will find the proof of the Tea is in the drinking.

**NEVERTHELESS, COOPER COOPER and CO.** are simply the servants of the public. They have been asked to supply thousands and thousands of tons to supply Tea at a lower price than they have formerly done—in fact they have received a Mandate—not from a small court official, but from the People of England. They are cheap, and "gallant little Wales"—to supply Tea at a lower quotation, and to supply it genuine and honest, not mixed with rubbish or attenuated by previous infusion, and the COOPER COOPER and CO. have now done, and have added to their list Black Teas at 1s. 6d. and 1s. 4d. a pound. These are all perfectly good Teas, and the drink analysed by COOPER COOPER and CO. and selected from the robust productions of India, Ceylon, and China, and the tea sold in the UNITED KINGDOM of equal value.

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68, BISHOPSGATE-STREET WITHIN, E.C.  
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BRIGHTON—29 and 31 EAST STREET.  
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"COOPER COOPER, LONDON."

**It is particularly requested that all communications relating to business matters shall be addressed to the MANAGER and not to the EDITOR. Loss of time and inconvenience may thereby be avoided.**







**Marlborough-street.**

**Mansion House.**

**Worship-street.**

**Marylebone.**

"CURSED BY NIGHT AND BY DAY."—James Kenealey, 17, living at Stephen-street, Lissau Grove, was charged with stealing a purse containing 12s. 2½d. from the pocket of Mrs. Mary Folkard, residing at 61 Carlisle-street, Marybone.—The prosecutor, who was along Edgeware-road on the night, and stopped outside a shop where they had gathered opposite a poulterer's shop where they were selling poultry and game by auction. Suddenly she felt something at her pocket, and putting her hand down missed her purse. She at once accused the prisoner of having taken it, but he denied it and tried to get away. She, however, persisted in her demand, and at last the prisoner gave up the purse and was taken to be forgiven.—Police-constable 148 F, came up and the prisoner was given into custody.—Mr. Cooke, after lecturing the boy, sentenced him to six weeks imprisonment.—As the prisoner's mother was leaving the court, she told the prostitute she would be cursed by night and by day as long as the boy was in gaol. (Laughter.)

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## Greenwich

**CONCLUSIONS**

Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, the East Middle

—A verdict of accidental death was on Saturday recorded in an inquest on the body of Annie V.

The jury returned a verdict of accidental

### A TALE OF DOMESTIC MISERY.

## INTERVIEW IN LOND

**Taplow, Maidenhead, and Other Riverside Resorts**

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On Saturday Dr. G. Danford Thomas

A FIRE which might have resulted in



dint of much scratching and pawing succeeded in making a passage, and thus obtained his freedom.

making a passage, and thus obtained his freedom. Quickly taking up the scent, as he follows, and providentially arrives just at the moment that he sees his master struck on the head by the president. Without a thought he rushes after him, half-flying, now rolling head-over-head, and managing to overtake the lifeless body half-way down the incline. He strives, by tugging and pulling, exerting every sinew, and using his paws and his teeth, to break the fall upon the ice, then dragging it into a place of comparative safety he howls and barks until, by his loud baying, the notice of the dwellers in the huts is attracted. These good fellows that they are, make all haste, and after some delay, effect a rescue. The officer, apparently dead, is lifted on a rude litter, hastily conveyed to one of their hovels and given the attention it is possible for them to give. Consciousness returns. With bruised body and aching limbs, unable to move or to be moved and absolutely powerless, he can only await the return of strength, contemplating the cruelty and villainy of his own brother, yet thankful it was unsuccessful. In this isolation he is not friendless—there is the dog. For the present we must leave him.

Meantime Hertz's villainy is progressing. The carriage comes round, and bidding a hasty farewell to his master and the servants, he starts upon his mission of deception, developing his tactical schemes and eliciting all the information he can on the way from the coachman, and hatching plans to bring his wicked actions to a successful issue. Arriving at Vienna, he takes possession of his brother's rooms, declines to receive visitors, and despatches a messenger requesting his colonel's permission to absent himself from duty for a short time on the plea that he is unwell and his nerves unstrung from the strain caused by the sudden death of his only brother. He then, in a successful interview with the bride, apologizes for any peculiarity in manner, loss of memory, or carelessness, by the same lying excuse and by means of such impudent strategies and unparalleled audacities, manages, without detection, to bring matters so far to a satisfactory issue.

The wedding day arrives. Crowds of people, including many friends, officers, and relations are assembled to witness the ceremony. Hertz drives up to the church with all the coolness imaginable, and, no doubt, considers the game is in his own hands. But stop! Who is the peasant that accosts him and demands a moment's attention on the plea of an important message? Surely it must be a matter that breathes death. Surely he do they retire into the great hall beneath the belfry. The peasant is Carl! Hertz for a moment turns ghastly pale, and a slight shiver runs through his body; but, suddenly recovering himself, he is about to speak. Carl interrupts him by saying, "Say not a word! It's unnecessary! Seek pardon from higher hands than mine. I will forgive you all, my brother. I pity your bad impulse, and am glad you were defeated in your murderous attempt for your own sake. You may go in peace. I will never tell a soul what has happened, nor bring my mother's wrath to punishment. Now we must be quick! Haste!"

Hertz, vagabond heart, trusting to his impudent hesitation, and, grasping to his impudent advantage, in some of the soldiers of the Guard, gives a bigged brother in charge as an impostor and rogue. Carl expostulates. It is useless. The bride demands to be taken before the colonel. The scene ensues, and the wedding is postponed until before a tribunal which must decide their claims. Every one is interested, but the majority of opinions are on the side of Hertz. The trial arrives; many are there, but it is impossible for the judge to give his decision until the mother has been called, so an order is made for postponement, and both placed under arrest.

When she arrives, and the trial is again resumed the scene presented is without parallel. Seated in an arm-chair, surrounded by a court expectant and silent, the old lady demands the claimant kneel at her feet. Yes; they are undoubtedly so. The position becomes intensified, and is her painful task to clear the innocent and denounce the traitor. Proceeding with the investigation, she makes a further examination of their heads, feeling with trembling fingers its features, &c. She is unfavourable at the back of her head, hidden by the hair. There is a pause. The excitement depicted in the faces of all is intense. With trembling lips and palpitating heart she gives the verdict. The gallily-dressed officer, Hertz. The humbly-clad peasant is Carl. Now only remains for the judge to pass sentence upon this terrible impostor; but Carl pleads for his brother, and by his influence and the aid of officers of his regiment, the verdict is granted, and Hertz hurried away amid the execrations of the people, the crowd of men has allowed his escape, but, unseen, the dog follows. It has terrible old accounts, and, dying at his throat never leaves him until he lies stretched on the ground, a lifeless corpse, the victim of his villainy. Carl, in the meantime, has received every congratulation from his friends. What the mother? She is still sitting in the same place. Carl turns to comfort her; his face pales, and a shriek he falls prostrate at her feet. A convulsive horror vibrates through that old body, and she is dead!

GILBERT D. SUTHERLAND.

### SUNDAY RACING IN SOUTH LONDON. Before Mr. Biron, at Lambeth Police Court, Wednesday, two men, named John Hutchings and Alfred Arnold, were summoned, at the instance of the police authorities, for having, on December 18th, in a thoroughfare, driven carts and dogs, to the common danger. The defendants, who were represented by Mr. Abbott, Police-commissioner, 30 B. Road, said on the day mentioned (Sunday) he saw the accused driving furiously between two vehicles was a man dressed in a grey costume. He did not know the name of the man, but ascertained that he had made a bet, which was advertised to be run from the Palace to the Cottage of Content, Wall, in thirty-five minutes. In crossing from the street to West-street the drivers, who were greatly interested in the match, were going through a dangerous place. They had to cross the thoroughfare of East-street, and at this as well as at other places, gathered a large number of persons had gathered. In consequence the constable said he called on Hutchings and Arnold were driving at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour. The match was running ten miles an hour, he believed that persons might have been over if the police had not been present to protect them. The crowd, he thought, had been chiefly to see a man who had a match on from Hackney to a pug that had the wife carrying a weight of 140 lb. on her head at the end of a pole, and were frequently held on the termination of the police had been called matter.—Mr. Abbott promised that his client not act in the same way again, and a witness called who stated that the horse of one of the defendants "jumped" a bit where a big place over a mile from the spot to which the present complaint referred to.—Mr. Biron, what was the end of the running match, informed that the man and a half to span Biron, and he could have no doubt that the defendants were keeping time or more interested in the race. There was, in his exceeding impropriety in having these men on the Sunday. It was usual for men in the last point to pull themselves together doubtless that would explain the pace of the defendants were driving. Such a race, especially in the locality mentioned, was dangerous. He consequently ordered them each fine of 50s. and costs, or fourteen days. The police authorities would undertake to put down such unseemly scenes in public streets.

**DECEIVED, BETRAYED, AND  
DESERTED.**

Hand Beatle, aged 23, a nurse, was charged, last night, with attempting to commit suicide by taking a dose of poison in Trafalgar square on the evening of the 17th ult. It will be remembered that the defendant asked a constable where she could find a doctor, and upon one being pointed out to her she lay down and swallowed the poison mentioned above. She was conveyed to the Charing Cross Hospital, and was consequently charged on a warrant at Bow Street with the offence. As reported in the *People's* last week she was remanded to the House of Detention.—Mr. B. F. C. Costello, on behalf of the National Vigilance Association, now present, stated that during the remand the defendant had made a statement of an important character to one of the members of the association, and it had been arranged to provide her with a friend. It had since been communicated to the association that the defendant wished to withdraw the statement she had made, and it was thought that the more convenient course would be to ask her whether she wished the association to represent her.—Defendant replied in the negative.—Mr. Vaughan said he instructed Mr. Batchelor, the missionary of the court, to make inquiries, and he had made a report on the facts of the case. He asked the defendant if she had anything to add.—Defendant replied that she made the statement in question as she believed she was speaking for a gentleman who had been sent to her to the court, and she had stated facts she wished to withdraw.—Beatle's sister came forward and said a lady (Miss Headlam) promised to take defendant into her home.—Vaughan asked the accused if she had anything to say about the circumstances which led her to her to commit such an act.—Defendant said she had no objection of putting an end to the existence of defendant said she would not say anything.—Mr. Vaughan said that he had committed an offence for which she was liable to be committed for trial. He had no doubt that if the constable had not acted very promptly by taking her to the hospital, her life would have been sacrificed. It was an awful consideration. He could quite understand, from the circumstances which had been related to him, that she had been deceived.—(Defendant to have.) I have said, I fear, deserted.—(Defendant to have.) That being driven almost to a state of desperation and suffering from extreme depression, she thought the better course was to take her life and pass into the presence

**SHAM CHRISTMAS PRESENTS**  
At the Marlborough-street Police Cou

At the mansion, Walter Taylor, a shabbily-dressed man, was charged with stealing the money, by means of a trick.—William Hatten, a man in the service of Lord Truro, said that about one o'clock the previous evening the prisoner rapped at the mansion in Dover street, a witness opening the door the prisoner held him a parcel, saying it was for Lord Truro, and that there was 3s. 6d. to pay. He left him standing outside the front door until he obtained the money, and then, having received a delivery paper, he gave him the parcel, and half an hour afterwards Lord Truro's messenger to ascertain the nature of the present, opened the parcel, and found that it contained a bundle of straw and a brick. The messenger was immediately sent out to find the rascal, and shortly afterwards he was brought back by the police. Constable Wood said that at his office he received information, and found the prisoner in Queen-street, Mayfair. At first he did not know the parcel, and on being taken to Lord Truro's he said he was very sorry he would return the money. On being searched at the station, 18s. in silver, together with a watch and a label, were found in his pockets.—The prisoner said the prisoner answered the description of a man who was wanted by the police of the Borough for the same kind of offence. Duncan Watson, butler to the Earl of Salton, of St. George's-square, also identified the prisoner as a man who had been in the same kind of trick upon her ladyship on December 23rd. The witness said the prisoner was in the Charter past eight o'clock, and handed in a note, saying it was a "concealed parcel," and that there was 3s. 6d. to pay. He gave the prisoner the money, and on the following day he returned in about an hour afterwards in a cab, there being a fine plump turkey or partridge, which was nothing but straw and brick.—Mr. Truro remanded the prisoner for a week.

**THE SCANDAL OF THE STRIP.**  
At the Westminster Police Court on Tuesday, a stylishly-dressed young woman, given the name of Florence Vernon, and describing herself as a milliner, of 470, King's-road, Chelsea, charged before Mr. Partridge with soliciting money from Mr. William Bucken, professor of music, of 78, Walton-street, Chelsea.—The prisoner, a foreigner of middle age, dressed in a black gown and two o'clock that morning he was walking along the Brompton-road when he met a woman, whom to the best of his belief he never seen before, came up in a very friendly way, and asked him for some time. (The witness remarked that it was some time since he had been in the house, and when he said he had been mistaken, and that he had never had the pleasure of her acquaintance, she laughed at him, and walked along with him to the corner of Orington-square. He wanted to get rid of her, but upon her invitation to see her home she refused. He refused to give it her, and seized his hand, and shook and ran away, and that it had ached ever since. At the

he became aware of the presence of another man on the other side of the road, loitering

in spite of the bitter cold. The prisoner seized the witness's arm with violence, and said, "Why don't you woman?" The witness tore himself from the man's grasp and called a policeman for him. A policeman arrived and relieved the society of the lady. (Laughter.) The next once.—Cross-examined by the prisoner, that he said: "Good evening" to him in place. He said: "Oh, dear! What a pretty girl." (Laughter.) The Prosecutor asked: "Prisoner: And did you not catch hold and squeeze it, so that I said, 'Oh' was sprained a little while ago?" (Laughter.) The Prosecutor: "You took my hand, and you told me without a word, 'Oh'—you lived at four hundred and thirty King's-road." The prisoner said: "It had been to my party at your house." Prisoner: "And after that I told you you did not go away I would give you a pound." The Prosecutor: "It is absolutely called for the police."—Police-constable 63 B. E., said that while on duty in London-road he heard a man's voice calling: "Proceeding to Overington-square." The prosecutor in the middle of the trial, the prisoner, several other discordant and the man of whom he had spoken, and the man of whom the woman said: "Do you know the woman and the girl?"—The Witness: They were women of character, and the man free Brompton-road at a late hour of the early morning. I have frequently in company with the prisoner and of Mr. Bucken complained to me that he was molested by the prisoner, and I took away. The man can away, when the said he had caught hold of his arm at the prison.—The prisoner denied that the man was in company, and said that she knew not of it.—Mr. Partridge issued a warrant for the man, whose description is said to be known to the police.

quest at the City Arms, High-street, Deptford, the body of Thomas Ansell, aged 88, of 27,

**THE BADSWORTH MURDER: AN EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION**

The prisoner David Filmore, who was arrested at Reading on Monday on the charge of murdering Eusebio Copley, gamekeeper, at Badsforth in April last, was taken to Pontefract on Wednesday night. He was attired in the uniform of the Berkshire Regiment, having enlisted some months ago. Some hundreds of people assembled at the Sessions House, and hooted the state prisoner as he was escorted by the police from the station. Filmore has made a full confession. He was in private in the regiment stationed at Reading, and in giving himself up to the superior officer he was the man wanted for the murder, and he was the man who had been in communication with the police at Pontefract were at once communicated to him. When he was met by Superintendent Whincent, of Pontefract, he said he was tired of soldiering, and that the crime had weighed heavily on his mind. He states that about two weeks he and his mate, Roberts, lingered near a wood near Wakefield, and were nearly starved to death. Roberts could scarcely crawl, because of his want of food and his wounds on the head. He thought Roberts was dying, and that it would be better to get him out of the way; so he knifed him, and scratched a hole and buried him.

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**COVENT GARDEN.**

On Saturday afternoon a special performance of the Crystal Palace pantomime was given in the theatre to a very select audience. The burlesque of "Robinson Crusoe" by Mr. H. J. Byron, with its numerous additions and variations by Mr. Horace Leo, furnished the basis, and emboldening upon it some very pretty and sparkling music. Mr. C. Barrett has produced what can scarcely fail to be a very popular pantomime. Many of the scenes preceding the transformation scene were very pretty, and the last adds lustre even to Nulton's well-won reputation. Several bits occur in the course of the representation, in which many graceful and clever children perform, in which the dresses are almost invariably new. Very curious and grotesque was the great procession ushering in the King of the Cannibals, with a phalanx of ostrich volunteers followed by crocodile artillery, tortoise train, giraffe guards, snake charmers, gorgeous bears, a charming squaw squadron, and a brigade of lovely and lively picaninnies. Edith Bruce acquitted herself admirably in the arduous part of Robinson Crusoe, and Miss



[illegible]







